For THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE.

THE BEGGAR BOY.

I'm a poor little lad, with nobody to care for me.
Sadly I wander the world up and down;
When e'er I am happy, though seldom I dare to be.
People who pass me look savage and frown.
For I'm only a tramp
Bearing poverty's stamp,
And gruffly the folk chide me day after day.
Till I wish I might die,
As I shall by and by,
And go, O, most anywhere out of the way.

I'm a poor little lad, and a hard time I have of it,
Striving to gather a crumb here and there.
I never can steal, but I don't like to beg a bit,
Yet I can't live upon nothing but air.
I am willing to work,
Nor my duty would shirk,
But people don't want such a mite of a boy.
So I hungry must go,
While my heart, filled with woe,
Is perishing daily for one gleam of joy.

I'm a lone little lad; but I once had a mother dear.
Gently she cared for me, patient and true;
And were she but with me I'd ne'er shed another tear—
Never could hunger my footsteps pursue.
But she sickened and died,
And since then, far and wide
I've wandered through summer's heat, storms, and through cold,
But I'll meet her one day,
As she oft' used to say,
Where even earth's beggars share riches untold.

GRIF.

PHIL'S BURGLAR.

I am Phil Morris, fourteen years old, and the youngest clerk in Covert Savings-Bank. The cashier is my uncle Jack, and he began at the bottom, where I am, when *he* was a boy. He says that a boy had better grow up with a country bank than go West and grow up with the country. He thinks there's more money in it.

"If there's anything in you," he said one day, "you'll work your way up to be bank president some time." And I guess it's better to be president of a country bank than to be President of the United States. Anyway, you wouldn't have to be shot before folks began to find out that you were doing your level best to keep things straight. Uncle Jack says and does such queer things sometimes that people say he's odd. They tell about his being so wrapped up in our bank that he never had time to hunt up a wife. I notice, though, that when father and mother died, and left me a wee little baby, Uncle Jack found time to bring me up, and give me a good education to boot. Oh, he's as good as gold or government bonds, Uncle Jack is.

We live in rooms over the bank, where old Mrs. Halstead keeps house for us. Underneath, we do the business. There's heaps of money in our two big vaults. Last summer—and, mind you, this was while *I* was away on vacation—two men broke into the building. They came up stairs, and into Uncle Jack's room. One had a bull's-eye lantern that he flashed in Uncle Jack's face as he sat up in bed, and the other pointed a big pistol right at his head.

"Tell us where the vault keys are, or I'll shoot you," he said.

"Oh, Uncle Jack," I broke in, when he was telling me about it, "what *did* you do?"

"What would you have done?" he asked, in his odd way.

"I know what I *wouldn't* have done," I answered him, straightening up a bit—"I wouldn't have given 'em the keys."

"Ah!" Uncle Jack says, kind of half doubtful, and then went on: "Well, I told them to shoot away. And they knew as well as I did that shooting wouldn't bring them the keys. So when they found they couldn't frighten me, the scoundrels tied me, and went off in a rage, with my watch and pocket-book."

This was last summer. One night along in the fall Uncle Jack started off down town. "It's Lodge night, and I may not be back until late," he said. "You won't mind staying alone—a great boy like you." And of course I said "No."

But somehow, after Mrs. Halstead went to bed, I found I *did* mind it. I don't know what made me feel so fidgety. Perhaps it was reading about a bank robbery in Bolton, which is the next town to Covert. It was thought to be the work of Slippery Jim, a notorious burglar. And while I was thinking about it, I dozed off in Uncle Jack's easy-chair.

"Ow-w-w!" I sung out all at once. And if you'd woke up of a sudden to see a rough-looking man, with a slouch hat pulled over his eyes, standing right in front of you, you'd have done the same. "What—what do you want here?" I sort of gasped; and I tried to speak so he wouldn't hear my teeth knock together.

"The vault keys—where are they?" he answers, short and gruff. And then he kind of motioned with his hand—I suppose to show the revolver he was holding.

I was pretty badly scared; but all the same, I didn't mean he should have those vault keys, if he shot the top of my head off.

"Come, hurry up," he said, with a sort of grin. And I noticed then that he had red whiskers, and some of his upper front teeth were gone, so that he didn't speak his words plain.

"I should know you anywhere," I thought. "Strategy, Phil Morris," I said to myself, bracing up inside; for a story I'd read about how a lady caught a live burglar came across me like a flash. "Please don't shoot, sir," I began to say, with all sorts of demi-semi-quavers in my voice—"please don't; indeed I'll show you where they're kept." So making believe to shake all over, I took the lamp, and led the way into Uncle Jack's bedroom. "The k-k-k-eys are in th-there, sir," I told him.

You should have seen how my fingers trembled when I pointed to the little store-room that opened out of the chamber. The keys were there, true enough, but I'd like to see any one except Uncle Jack or I find them. I suppose you have heard of such things as secret panels.

The store-room floor is lower than the chamber floor. Many a time, when I haven't been thinking, I've stepped down with a jar that almost sent my backbone up through the top of my head.

"In there, eh?" said my bold burglar, quite cheerful like, and pushed by me to the open door.

I set the lamp down, and my heart began to beat so that I was almost afraid he could hear it. "Now or never," I whispered.

It was all done quicker than you could say "knife." I put my head down like a billy-goat, and ran for the small of his back. "Butted" isn't a nice word, but that's just how I sent him flying headlong into the closet. I heard him go down with a crash that shook Mrs. Halstead's biggest jar of raspberry jam off the shelf.

I didn't stop to take breath until I'd locked the door and barricaded it with Uncle Jack's big mahogany bureau—just as the lady did in the story. Then I breathed—and listened. What I heard made my eyes stick out a bit. First I almost felt like crying. Then I laughed until I did cry. I suppose the excitement made me hysterical. It wasn't ten minutes before I roused up Mr. Simms the constable, and Jared Peters, who lives next door. Mr. Simms brought along an old pepper-box revolver and a pair of handcuffs. Jared Peters had his double-barrel gun, but in his flurry he forgot to load it.

Up stairs we hurried. The two men pulled away the bureau, and Mr. Simms, who was in the army, stationed us in our places.

"Look a-here, you feller," Mr. Simms called out, "the strong arm of the law is a-coverin' of you with deadly weepons. Surrender without resistance.—Phil, yank open the door."

I flung open the door. Jared Peters covered the prisoner with his gun. He was covered with something else too—Mrs. Halstead's raspberry jam, that he'd been wallowing around in. He didn't look proud, though, for all he was so stuck up.

Before he could open his mouth Mr. Simms had him handcuffed and dragged out into the chamber.

"There," he said, with a long breath, "I guess *you* won't burgle no more right away."

"For goodness' sake, Simms—Peters—don't you know me—Mr. John Morris, cashier of the savings-bank?" That was what the prisoner said just as soon as he could speak.

Well, I didn't wait any longer. I just bolted for my own room, where I could lie down on the floor. And there I lay laughing until I was purple clear round to my shoulder-blades. Then I went to bed.

"Philip," said Uncle Jack, solemnly, while we were at breakfast next morning, "I should beg your pardon for trying to test your courage in the—the consummately idiotic way I took to do last night, but"—and he looked pretty sheepish—"I—I think I got the worst of it."

"I think you did, sir," I answered him, choking a bit.

"The disguise was a good one, though," he went on, with a sort of feeble chuckle, "and leaving my false teeth out, changed my voice completely—eh, Phil?"

"Yes, sir—until you hollered out in the closet that it was all a joke, and wanted me to let you out," I answered him, as I got up and edged toward the door.

"Why didn't you let me out then?" roared Uncle Jack, who is rather quick-tempered.

I hope I wasn't impudent. Truly, I didn't intend to be. "Because, Uncle Jack," I said, as I turned the door knob, "I have heard you say more than once that he who cannot take a joke should not make one." And as I dodged through the door I heard Uncle Jack groan.—*Frank H. Converse in Harper's Young People.*

WONDERFUL MEMORIES.

Some examples of the marvels of memory would seem entirely incredible had they not been given to us upon the highest authority. Cyrus knew the name of each soldier in his army. It is also related of Themistocles that he could call by name every citizen of Athens, although the number amounted to twenty thousand. Mithridates, King of Pontus, knew all his eighty thousand soldiers by their right names. Scipio knew all the inhabitants of Rome. Seneca complained of old age because he could not, as formerly, repeat two thousand names in the order in which they were read to him; and he stated that on one occasion, when at his studies, two hundred unconnected verses having been recited by the different pupils of his preceptor, he repeated them in a reversed order proceeding from the last to the first. Lord Granville could repeat from beginning to end the New Testament in the original Greek. Cooke, the tragedian, is said to have committed to memory all the contents of a daily newspaper. Racine could recite all the tragedies of Euripides. It is said that George III never forgot a face he had once seen nor a name he had heard. Mirandola would commit to memory the contents of a book by reading it three times, and could frequently repeat the words backward as well as forward. Thomas Cranmer committed to memory, in three months, an entire translation of the Bible. Euler, the mathematician, could repeat the Æneid, and Liebnitz, when an old man, could recite the whole of Virgil, word for word. It is said that Bossuet could repeat, not only the whole Bible, but all Homer, Virgil, and Horace, besides many other works.

EARLY AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS.

The oldest newspaper in the United States is the *New Hampshire Gazette* published at Portsmouth. It began existence in August, 1756. The next is the Newport *Mercury*, in Rhode Island, which was started in September, 1758, by James Franklin, son of James Franklin, and nephew of Benjamin Franklin. The third in age is the Connecticut *Courant*, which first appeared in December, 1764. The *Courant* is now printed both as a weekly and a daily, and was never better than at present. It was established by Thomas Green. The fourth is the *Spy:* and these four are the only papers in the country which existed previous to the Revolution.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

It is the petty expenses that empty the purse.

It is hard for an empty sack to stand upright.

It is never worth while to do unnecessary things.

Never grease a fat sow, or praise a proud man.

Never hold up a candle to show the sun, or try a thing which nobody doubts.

It is useless to try to end a quarrel by getting angry over it.

Expect to get half of what you earn, a quarter of what is your due, and none of what you have lent, and you will be near the mark.

He who marries a slovenly, dressy girl, and hopes to make her a good wife, might as well buy a goose and expect it to turn out a milch cow.

Economy is half the battle of life.

CLEANLINESS OF THE SKIN.

The use of soap is the most sure way of purifying the surface of the body. Soap contains what chemists call an alkali—a chemical substance (potash or soda) which, brought in contact with animal membranes or substances, softens them. Moreover, it emulsifies fat. The effect of soap on the skin is therefore clear; it softens up the cuticle, and it enters into combination with the fatty layer, so enables the water to gain free access to the skin, and by friction to remove the loose particles of cuticle and dirt. But there are good and bad soaps. Some have too much alkali in them, and then they dissolve or soften up the cuticle too much, and so expose or irritate the delicate deeper layers of the skin. We should use a soap that has a small amount of alkali in it. Some of the best of all soaps made, considered from a medical point of view, are, in the writer's opinion, the transparent soaps, the well-known old brown Windsor, and the glycerine soaps. Some of the nicest to use are, however, somewhat expensive. Those mentioned are among the best for babes, and may be used freely with them. Well, having obtained a nice mild soap, it should be used to the face once a day, the heads of children twice a week, and the whole body once a week. This is in addition to taking the daily cold water bath to be by-and-by noticed. If persons can afford the time and have inclination, there can be no question that the best possible results follow the use of soap to the arm-pits, the groins and parts about, and the feet, each day, and to those who luxuriate in the thing, it cannot hurt to employ good soap to the body generally each day. We have, however, stated that at least once a week the whole body should be soaped. Ordinary yellow soap does not meet with any favor at our hands, and we condemn it in the case of young children. There is one more point on this head. The face, when very hot or dirty, or after a walk, should not be washed in soap. It is better to bathe, not rub, in a little warm water, and then powder it with ordinary baby powder and let it dry.—*Cassell's Household Guide.*

AMERICAN WONDERS.

The greatest cataract in the world is the Falls of Niagara, where the water from the great upper lakes forms a river of three-fourths of a mile in width, and then, being suddenly contracted, plunges over the rocks, in two columns, to the depth of 175 feet.

The greatest cave in the world is the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, where any one can make a voyage on the waters of a subterranean river, and catch fish without eyes.

The greatest river in the known world is the Mississippi, 4,000 miles long.

The largest valley in the world is the valley of the Mississippi. It contains 500,000 square miles, and is one of the most fertile regions of the globe.

The greatest city park in the world is in Philadelphia. It contains over 2,000 acres.

The greatest grain port in the world is Chicago.

The largest lake in the world is Lake Superior, which is truly an inland sea, being 430 miles long, and 1,000 feet deep.

The longest railroad in the world is the Pacific Railroad, over 3,000 miles in length.

The greatest mass of solid iron in the world is the Mountain of Missouri. It is 350 feet high and two miles in circuit.

The best specimen of Grecian architecture in the world is the Girard College for Orphans, Philadelphia.

The largest aqueduct in the world is the Croton Aqueduct, in New York. Its length is forty and one-half miles, and it cost $12,500,000.

The largest deposits of anthracite coal in the world are in Pennsylvania, the mines of which supply the market with millions of tons annually, and appear to be inexhaustible.—*American Engineer.*

BIG BRIDGES.

According to the *Scientific American*, the largest masonry arch in the world—an arch which forms part of one of the most important engineering achievements of recent years—is the aqueduct by which the city of Washington is supplied with water. The arch in question carries the aqueduct over Cabin John Creek, with a span of 220 feet. The height of the arch is 101 feet, and the width of the structure 20 feet. The arch forms the arc of a circle, having a radius of 134 $\frac{285}{1000}$ feet. When the centre scaffolding was removed, the arch (unlike all other works of the kind) did not settle, the keystone having been set in winter and the center struck in summer. The other notable masonry arches of the world are the Chester arch across the river Dee, at Chester, England, with a span of 200 feet; the famous centre arch of the new London bridge over the Thames, with a span of 152 feet; Pont-y-Prydd over the Taff, in Wales, 140 feet; the bridge across the Seine, at Neuilly, France, with five spans, each of 128 feet; the nine spans of the Waterloo bridge of London, each 120 feet; and the celebrated marble Rialto bridge in Venice, with a span of 98$\frac{1}{2}$ feet.

AN ACCOMPLISHED SOVEREIGN.

Elizabeth, the young Queen of Roumania, speaks admirably six languages, and is a clever, handsome, and kindly woman. Suffering has made her tender; her great grief is the loss of her only child, a beautiful and gentle little girl four years old. The Queen keeps an album, in which she writes down her stray thoughts, and a Continental journalist has copied some of them. Here is one queenly sentiment: "Life is an art in which too many remain only dilettantes. To become master one must pour out one's life-blood." Again: "White hairs are the crests of foam which cover the sea after the tempest." "Sleep is a generous thief; he gives to vigor what he takes from time." "If you could throw as an alms to those who would use it well the time that you fritter away, how many beggars would become rich!" "Duty only frowns when you flee from it; follow it and it smiles upon you." There is a keen satire in the following: "The world never forgives our talents, our success, our friends, nor our pleasures. It only forgives our death. Nay, it does not always pardon that."

Conscience is the great ledger-book in which all our offenses are written and registered, and which time reveals to the sense and feeling of the offender.

CHEAP LIVING.

It seems a little curious to eat the solid trunk of a tree, but there is a tree in the East Indies which makes a very agreeable and wholesome food for thousands of people. The food is well known in this country, though the tree itself is never seen, being the sago, so often made into puddings and custards.

A full-grown tree is cut down close to the ground. A strip of the bark is then torn off, laying bare the pith, which is about as soft as dried apples.

With a club of heavy wood, pointed at the end with sharp quartz rock, the natives cut out this pith, which is carried to the water-side, and, being mixed with water, is kneaded and pressed against a strainer till the starch is dissolved and passed through the strainer.

The water holding the starch in solution is then passed through a trough, where the sediment is deposited, and the water is drawn off. It is then put up in cylindrical cakes, of about thirty pounds weight, and sold as raw sago.

The raw sago, to prepare it for use, is broken up, dried by exposure to the sun, powdered and sifted. This flour is made into cakes, easily baked, which are very delicious if eaten with butter and a mixture of sugar and grated cocoanut.

The cakes are not only eaten hot, but are often dried in the sun, and put away in bundles for future use. They will keep good for years, it is said. Children are fond of them, even when hard and dry; but older persons generally dip them in water and toast them, when they relish as well as when fresh baked, or, by soaking and boiling, make them serve as puddings, or in the place of vegetables.

This food, as may be imagined, is extraordinarily cheap, costing much less than rice among the Hindoos, or potatoes among the Irish.

A good sized trunk of a sago tree, twenty feet long and five in circumference, will make at least thirty bundles of thirty pounds each. Each bundle, it is computed, will make sixty cakes, allowing three cakes to a pound; and five cakes are considered by the natives sufficient for a full day's food. A single good sized tree will, therefore, furnish food for a native for an entire year, and many of them live on it almost exclusively.

One needs to labor only a few days to secure this supply of food for the year. A man can reduce a tree to powder in ten days, and a woman, in the same time, can reduce it all into cakes. By steady labor for twenty days, therefore, provision may be laid up for the year.

But such cheap living proves favorable neither to health of body nor of mind. A uniform diet of sago, varied only by fish, rarely by fruit or vegetables, is not good for the body; and the want of a stimulus to exertion is prejudicial to the character.

What is got easily is generally worth little; and the natives, having no occasion for physical toil, or for careful thrift, have no force of character. Cheap food may be a curse instead of a blessing.—*Youth's Companion.*

FEEDING ON ASHES.

The expression "he feedeth on ashes" is proverbial in the East for that which is done to no purpose. The following extract, though not so strictly an illustration of the text, is much to the purpose. One of the most extraordinary examples of depraved or perverted appetite is the use of earth for food. This propensity is not an occasional freak but a common custom, and is found among so large a number and variety of tribes that it may be regarded as co-extensive with the human race. From time immemorial the Chinese have been in the habit of using various kinds of edible earth as substitutes for bread in time of scarcity; and their imperial annals have always religiously noticed the discovery of such bread-stones, or stone-meal, as they are called. On the western coast of Africa a yellowish kind of earth, called caovac, is so highly relished and so constantly consumed by the negroes that it has become to them a necessary of life. In the island of Java, and in various parts of the hill country of India, reddish earth is baked into cakes, and sold in the village markets for food; while on the banks of the Orinoco, in South America, Humboldt mentions that the native Indians find a species of unctuous clay, which they knead into balls, and store up in heaps in their huts as a provision for the winter or rainy season. They are not compelled by famine to have recourse to this clay, for even when fish, game, and fruit are plentiful, they still eat it after their food as a luxury. The practice of eating earth is not confined solely to the inhabitants of the tropics. In the north of Norway, and in Swedish Lapland, a kind of white, powdery earth, called mountain meal, found under beds of decayed moss, is consumed in immense quantities every year. It is mixed by the people with their bread in times of scarcity; and even in Germany it has been frequently used as a means of allaying hunger.—*Rev. H. Macmillan.*

For a few brief days the orchards are white with blossoms. They soon turn to fruit or else float away, useless and wasted, upon the idle breeze. So will it be with present feelings. They must be deepened into decision or be entirely dissipated by delay.—*Theodore Cuyler.*

Something noble, something good, something pure, something manly, something godlike, is knocked off a man every time he gets drunk or stoops to sin through forgetfulness of God.—*Gough.*

For THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE.

I WOULD BE LOVED.

I would be loved in youth's gay prime,
While yet the years are young,
And e'er the frosty touch of time
Has forced obedience wrung
From supple joint and rounded form,
And made life's current flow less warm,
For love grows cold as the years grow old,
And it's fires more dimly burn,
Till naught is left, save a heart bereft,
And the ashes which we spurn.

Were I thus loved, in perfect bliss
I'd spend youth's summer time,
Then, dying, perish on a kiss,
And seek some happy clime
Where youth eternal ever dwells,
And loudest love's sweet anthem swells,
For love grows cold when the years grow old,
And its holy flames burn low,
Too soon expire as the sacred fire
Is quenched in the "Long Ago."

FARM AND GARDEN.

SHEEP do not impoverish land. Rugged canyons and mountain slopes, at present not available for other use until better roads are built to market, may be utilized a long way in advance of the march of improvements. Time will surely enhance the value of these possessions as surely as roads, settlements, and school-houses draw nearer to them; and, in the meantime, the hardy pioneer need wait but a short while for their coming.

CASTOR OIL is undoubtedly the best, and therefore the cheapest, for iron axles, which should always be wiped clean. A correspondent informs us that his market wagon would run only twenty miles before requiring to be regreased, when lard was used, but with castor oil it ran sixty miles, and was good for twenty more—a big difference, and worth remembering. He further remarks that "a wheel well lubricated will turn one-half easier and wear as long again, a gain of 150 per cent.," by the liberal use of oil.

LET every farmer who is not able to fence a large pasture get a few boards, build a few rods of portable fence and make a small enclosure for his hogs, and move it around as circumstances require. It will make pork raising more profitable than to keep hogs confined in pens all the time.

THE MOST dangerous insect to farm crops is the wheat midge. Late sowing of wheat is sometimes a remedy, though this has its disadvantages. All insects found in cleaning wheat should be destroyed at once, and wheat stubbles plowed immediately will be likely to destroy all those wound up in cocoons on the ground.

TO KEEP POTATOES.—Covering the bottom of the bin with a thick layer of powdered charcoal will help materially to preserve the flavor of potatoes and prevent sprouting.

SOWING GRASS SEED IN FALL.—The *Cultivator* notes an increasing tendency in New England to sow grass seeds in the fall. It says: One of the leading seed stores of Boston expects to sell more grass seed this fall than was sold by them in the spring. Their fall sales of grass seed have been slowly increasing for several years past, but for the last two or three years the increase has been so rapid that they now prepare for a large fall trade. Those who are contemplating seeding this fall should bear in mind that the sooner they get in the seed the better. Seed sown on or before the 10th of September will make a good growth before winter sets in, and the grass will make an early start next spring. Quite a number of lots, within our personal knowledge, which were seeded early last fall, were cut this spring before some of the older seeded lots were ready for cutting, yielding very good crops, and now bidding fair to give heavy crops of rowen. A bushel of red top with a peck and a half of timothy, to the acre, is about the right quantity to sow, with also about six pounds of red clover in the early spring.

EARLY PLOWING FOR FALL SOWING.—When work will permit, and the ground is not too dry, it is best to plow the land for fall sowing soon after the haying and harvesting is over. This avoids the drouth-dried soil that is frequently found later in the season, besides turning under the weeds before they have time to ripen their seeds. Thorough use of the cultivator will prepare the early-plowed land for seed when sowing time comes. The plowing under of weeds is not made so much of an object as it should be. Where they can be got under before seeding it does away with a great deal of the next year's work, which would otherwise be. Weeds in waste places should at least be mown off, or in some way prevented from seeding.—*Tribune Farmer.*

THINGS TO MAKE A NOTE OF.

GRAPE JELLY.—Wild grapes are delicious for this; but if you can't get them, tame ones will do. Wash and pick the grapes from the stems just before they are ripe; put them over the fire in a porcelain-lined kettle, with a little water, to keep them from burning, and stew a few moments; then mash gently with a silver spoon; strain, and to every pint of juice allow a pound of white sugar; put the juice back on the fire and boil for twenty minutes; pour in sugar (lump or granulated) and stir constantly till all is dissolved; then, without any more boiling, fill your jelly glasses.

VEGETABLE SALAD. Boil a small cabbage until tender, let it get cold, cut it into pieces; add a chopped boiled beet, some sliced boiled potatoes, and some capers. Dress with oil, vinegar, pepper and salt.

FLAKED FISH.—Make a sauce by dredging some flour in two ounces of hot butter in a stew-pan; add one-half pound of cold fish nicely flaked, one ounce of cold butter, a desert spoonful each of anchovy sauce and mixed mustard, one teacupful of cream, some pepper, salt, and a few bread crumbs. Make hot and serve as it is, or you may pour it into a butter dish, with the addition of a few bread crumbs, and brown the top in the oven.

KENT PUDDING.—One quart of milk, six ounces of ground rice, three eggs, currants, sugar and spice to taste. The milk and rice should be boiled over night, and the other ingredients mixed in the morning. Stir the mixture well before putting it into the oven.

POTATO LEMON PUDDING.—Three ounces of potatoes, the peel of two large lemons, two ounces of white sugar, two ounces of butter. Boil the lemon peel until tender, and beat it into a mortar with the sugar; boil the potatoes and peel them; mix all together with a little milk and two eggs; bake it slightly.

FRENCH CHICKEN PIE.—A tender chicken cut in joints, half pound salt pork cut in small pieces, boil the two together till nearly tender in a little water; line a deep dish with pie-paste, put in the meat, season with salt, pepper, and chopped parsley, put in a little water and cover over with the pie-paste, which should be rich; bake forty minutes.

TEA CAKES.—Half a pound of flour, two ounces of sugar, two ounces of butter, two eggs. Mix all together.

TO TAKE off the crust formed on the inside of a water pitcher, use lemon juice. Vinegar will sometimes answer the purpose also.